

## On the 4:45

By ALMA WOODWARD

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Scene: Parlor car of the 4:45.  
 (Mr. A. in his plushback Palm Beach suit sits erect, confident of his winning prediction. Mr. B. frankly too well fed for pinhead of fact, but a symphony in battledress gray malar, breezes in and slumps into the next chair.)  
**M** R. A. looking up)—Bill Brown! The very chap I wanted to see. How did you get away for the 4:45 to-day?

Mr. B. (mopping his brow under his leghorn fedora)—Oh, my stenographer had to match some embroidery stims for her aunt, so I quit dictation. What's the rush?

Mr. A. (leaning forward confidently)—Well, look here, Bill. You know to-morrow night's election of officers for the country club. You and I being charter members have some weight around there. So I thought if we could get together and go over this list of possible candidates for President we might work together and—

Mr. B. (reaching into his mohair pocket)—Oh, have you got a list too? I made out mine last night. Here it is. Now I thought that Andy Morton might—

Mr. A. (hurriedly)—Andy Morton! Why, Bill, the man's a nervous wreck—fit for a rest retreat—after that terrible slump in R. B. & P. We want live blood for President. I thought that Joe Turner—

Mr. B. (in horror)—Old Joe Turner? Why, say, don't you know the poor old chap is going to resign in a couple of weeks? And you know we don't want the club mentioned in the newspaper notices. If he was President they'd—No, he won't do. The next on my list is Jack Hart. He's full of pep and—

Mr. A. (significantly)—Full of pep—you bet he is. Too blamed full. Full of other things, too. Harry told me on the 4:45 that he's making a new kind of mint julep these days with vitriol—or something that has the same effect—in it, and the other day he slapped a traffic cop in the face when he held up his car and got pulled in. It wouldn't look well in print, you know, "President of Shore Country Club Up for Assault and Battery. Given Thirty Days." You know you have to consider all these contingencies. Now with Will Green, who's next on my list, we wouldn't have to worry about—

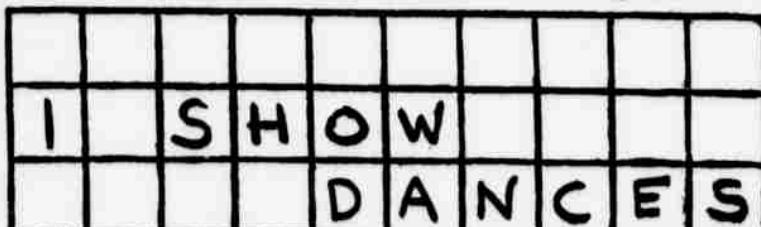
Mr. B. (in keen disapproval)—Will Green would never do, Sam—and you know it. The man's too susceptible. Why, you could never depend upon him to uphold the dignity of the club, or even make a noise like a President, on Saturday nights when the ladies are all in wait for the dances. Nice chap, Will, but too darned mushy. But there's one who'll give tone to the organization—John Gray. A gentleman always. A man of ability and—

Mr. A. (throwing up his hands)—For the love of Mike, Bill, where's your sense of humor? John Gray is all you say he is, but do you want a man for President of a country club who wears a skull cap on the 4:45? Why, they'd gey the life out of you if you ever put him up. The last on my list is Bert Edwards—

Mr. B. (with dignity)—I had supposed that you remembered the

## ADDED LETTER PUZZLES.

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No. 1.

The eleven letters in the squares above have been arranged to conceal a word of ten letters. An extra letter which is not in the original

word has been added to make solving this puzzle more difficult. Using the blank squares in the top row, see if you can print the hidden word. The word in last Saturday's Herambled Egg Puzzle was "REFRESHMENTS."

## WHAT TOMMY SAW ON THE FARM

By Ferd G. Long

With a pencil line connect the dots in numerical order. Thursday's picture was a DUCK.



## "S'MATTER, POPI?"

By C. M. Payne



## HENRY HASENPFEFFER—When Riches Take Wings Cupid Flies After Them!

By Bud Counihan



## FLOOEY AND AXEL—Tents Certainly Do Look Alike, Especially at Night!

By Vic



## YOU!

By Arthur Baer

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## GOOD STORIES OF THE DAY

## The Road to Success.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB was talking in his native Loretto about success.

"I married on \$6 a week," he said, "but I knew success would come, and before the winter was out I was making \$5,000 a year."

"In everything—in war, in munition making, in blowing up powder factories—there's one road which leads straight to success. 'If, for example, you're a playwright, the road to success is the happy ending. Every successful playwright bears in mind the dialogue of the young couple at the end of 'Hamlet.'"

"How silly of that Shakespeare," said the girl, "to drown Ophelia and murder Hamlet. Why, they ought to have married!"

"I ain't no high brow critic," the young man agreed, "but that's how I'd a' fixed it!"—Washington Star.

## Canny Scot.

WHEN electric tramcars first started in his native town a canny Scot got on one, intending to make the full journey, costing 3 pence, but only took a penny ticket and renewed it twice at the end of each stage. On the last stage the conductor remonstrated with him, saying he ought to have taken out a 3 pence ticket at the

beginning of the journey and saved unnecessary trouble. "Na, na," said the Scot, "had I done sae, and yer had broken down, I might have lost thruppence, but, as it is, I canna lose mair than ae penny!"—London Tit-Bits.

## He Had the Countersign.

AT a military camp in New York State a few years ago a guard inspector, while going his rounds, approached a German sentry, who simply looked at him and marched on, relates the Boston Transcript.

"Well," queried the inspector, intending to remind the man of his duty. "Well, well! Vot is it?" "Don't you want the countersign?" "No, dot's all right. Der feller in der guard's tent gif it to me. I got it."

## Thirst for Knowledge.

MISS BASSETT was talking to the class in history in her most impressive manner. "Now, children," she said, looking over her pupils, "I want you to understand that the time to ask questions in my class is whenever anything is said which you wish explained. Do not wait until the time comes for recitation and then tell me

## THOSE GIRLS!

By Jack Callahan

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## DISHING THE GOSSIP.

YES MAM! THREE AISLES OVER!! YES MAM!

I READ THE MARRIAGE LICENSE IN THE PAPER THIS MORNIN'.

## His Tribute.

THERE was an old farmer who was widely known as the cross-est, closest and most generally nonlikable citizen in the whole State. Like other mean men he lived to a ripe old age, but eventually he died and his friends went ahead with plans for his funeral.

## A Line of Talk.

TWO telephone girls in different country exchanges were having a chat over the wires on the subject of dress. For four minutes, five minutes, ten minutes the topic held their attention, and was still unexhausted when an impatient, impatient, impatient masculine voice broke up the conversation meeting.

"Are you there?" the voice yelled. "Are you there? Hello! Ah, at last! Who is that speaking?" "What line do you think you're on?" demanded one of the girls, indignant and annoyed.

"Really," came the weary reply, "I

don't know, but from the discussion that's going on I think I'm on the clothes line!"—Philadelphia Record.

## Stop Rubbing Your Clothes!

Why rub your clothes when VAN'S NORUB gives finest results with NO RUBBING? A little does a big wash. Just try it.

